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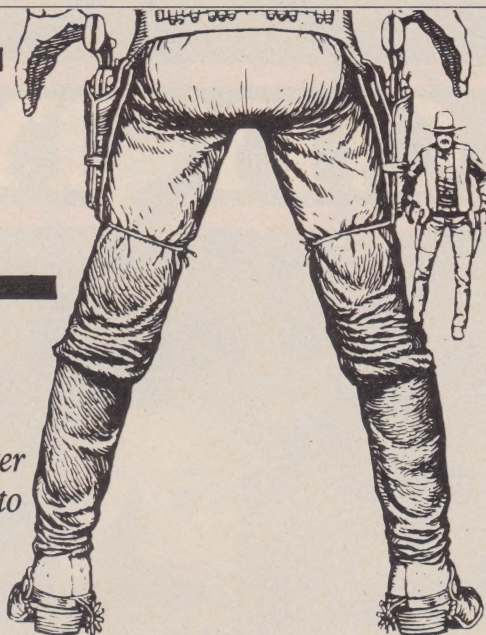
February 1984

**If you want
to be wacky
and wealthy,
raise your
hands**

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Shootout at Burger Gulch

The duel for your snack dollar still rages between McDonalds and Burger King. But metro kids' hearts belong to the crowd at the golden arch.



The crooning male voice on the radio, with just the hint of a catch in it, drowns out the sound of milk trickling into a bowl of Bran Flakes & Fruit:

You tell me that you're leaving;

I can't believe it's true

Is that, could it be . . . Neil Sedaka? It could, but it's not. Neither is it his two-time hit, "Breaking Up Is Hard to Do," although the introduction is the same and it sounds a lot like it. But the breaking up this ditty refers to has nothing to do with your boyfriend. It's a Burger King commercial and the breaking up it has in mind is the split it wants you to make with the other burger giant, McDonalds.

And, as if on cue, just a few minutes later McDonalds is on the air

with a pitch for its latest special. This time it's ice cream cones. The spot never mentions Burger King although, mere months ago, McDonalds was taking legal action against its upstart rival to prevent its use of an alleged survey which showed Burger King to be the more popular of the two fast-food chains.

Neither Burger King nor McDonalds probably expects you to drop your spoon, abandon your cereal and rush right over to the nearest outlet. They will be patient because they know they've planted the seed that will get to you later. It may come to you on the very same day.

Snack attack.

Whether it's your own or, as McDonalds knows better than anyone else, a fit

brought on at the prompting of a Smaller Person in your household, you will think about those burgers, those fries, those shakes and, if you give in (if?), you will probably end up at one of these two chains.

Avoiding fast food isn't impossible but it's tough. You can follow a string of fried chicken, donair and, of course, burger houses from sea to shining sea and beyond. The author Truman Capote claims to have travelled across the United States with a friend and subsisted the entire time on chili dogs washed down with bottles of Dom Perignon.

In a recent article in *The New Yorker*, writer Calvin Trillin describes a foray through the burger palaces of — guess where? — Paris, including a McDonalds and

a "Maison du Whopper." One Burger King on the Champs-Élysées, it may interest or discourage you to know, does more business than any other Burger King in the world.

Like any sensible adult who knows when he's out of his depth, Trillin went along not as an expert but merely as part of an inspection team headed by his daughter Sarah. Sarah is 11 — just about the perfect McDonalds age, it seems — and if you read Trillin's book *Alice, Let's Eat*, you'll remember her as the kid who never left home without her bagel, just in case the restaurant the family was headed for turned out not to have anything she wanted to eat. At the end of a long afternoon of tasting, the team awarded its seal of approval not to either of the Big Two, but to a franchise called What a Burger.

That's as it may be but, a few years earlier, Paris *Le Monde* had awarded its *prix du hamburger*, a coveted honor, no doubt, to Burger King. Not quite four-star Michelin Guide material, but let us give credit. In its inspection of what the French are pleased to call *le fastefoude*, the Trillin team discovered that the French can indeed make round hamburgers if they really want to and that a McDonalds on the Champs-Élysées tastes just like a McDonalds back home.

The metro area has eight McDonalds, six in Halifax and Dartmouth, two in Bedford-Sackville, and two



The challenger: It does better on the Champs-Élysées

Burger Kings, one in Halifax and one in Sackville. We canvassed a group of metro kids about their preferences between the two. The results left no doubt about who's still in control. It was 83% for McDonalds to 17% for Burger King — a whopper, one might say, of a victory.

A few of the kids were as young as seven, others as old as 13 but by far the greatest number were around 11. It's the younger crowd that McDonalds aims to please, a fact you can pick up readily from listening to their advertising pitch. The radio spots employ a whole cast of wheedlers just like the ones you have at home. The ones who sidle up to you saying, gee, it's a long time since we went to McDonalds, wouldn't you like to do that tonight, mom?

Alexa Cameron thinks everything's better at McDonalds. Leigh Ann Wichman likes them "because you can get your mouth around their burgers easier." Chris Dean says McDonalds burgers are better and Jesse Dexter likes the place because "they put more effort into it." Jamie Dean likes their pies.

Kelly Dean likes McDonalds "because they keep coming up with new ideas," presumably ideas for different kinds of things to eat. McRib, a McDonalds invention, enjoyed a brief vogue around our place. It appeared to be a slab of ground pork on a bun, smothered with barbecue sauce. The expert in the family says it's pretty good.

Lisa Fiander prefers Burger King because "their stores are cleaner and they put more stuff on their burgers." As kids get on in years, things like that seem to become more important. Burger King's advertising seems geared to older kids, the ones who don't necessarily have to go through mom or dad to finance a fast food meal. (After all, what 11-year-old would remember Neil Sedaka? Bananarama, maybe.)

One thing there seems to be universal agreement on is fries. McDonalds fries are crisper, crunchier, real champion stuff. Graziella Mohanna, Debbie Dean and Gilda Pronych all cite the fries as major reasons why they like McDonalds.

There's always some kill-joy in the crowd who has to bring up the subject of nutrition. What's a parent for? A fast food meal gives you calories and some nutrients. Fast food is food. But — and this is where the nutritionists begin to get worried — in addition to

cumbed to an average snack attack: Double burger, french-fries and a shake. You've just taken in a total of 1,135 calories. Add a pie, and add another 250 calories. You've also consumed 1,320 mg of sodium, more than double the amount which adults are advised to swallow in an entire day. You've glommed 53 g of fat, about 43% of the total calories in your meal. Nutritionists like Carole Milligan would be happier if we kept that figure between 30% and 35%. If you ate the pie, you've just loaded

the charm out of life.

There's a cartoon strip in which Garfield the cat goes away to visit a farm and gets a little lecture on how food is produced, starting with the planting of the seed and ending with the harvest. At the end, back home and thoroughly depressed, he confesses, "I don't really want to know where food comes from. It takes all the mystery out of eating."

When you line up at burger heaven, whichever one you choose and, presto,



The winner and still champion: New ideas and crunchy fries

getting lots of calories, you're also getting very high doses of sodium and fat and very low levels of vitamins, minerals and fibre.

Carole Milligan, a nutritionist with the Nova Scotia Department of Health, says we overconsume fats, meats, sugar and salt anyway. Unfortunately, these are all major components in fast food meals.

And then there's processing. Milligan points out that the more you cut, cook and expose a vegetable to heat, the more nutrients you lose. "At the fast food places," she says, "you get a potato chopped to death and then deep-fried." So much for crisp, crunchy fries.

So what *do* you get in one of those fast food meals? Let's say you've suc-

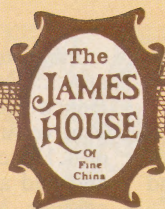
ced on another 14 g of fat. You've given yourself about 4.8 g of iron and 894 International Units of vitamin A, both considered low. The amount of fibre you've managed to get into you is insignificant.

Clearly, you'd be better off staying at home and cooking a hamburger yourself under circumstances where you'd at least be able to control the processing and maybe alter the ingredients to make the meal more healthful. But that would spoil all the fun. My burgers, I blushingly admit, have, at times, been favorably compared to the competition. But I seldom get wheedled to make them. Certainly, nobody wants to stand around the kitchen watching me do it. Takes all

your order's filled almost as fast as you can place it, it's a mystery. Meals *never* get put together that fast at home, no matter how starved you are, with each dish materializing magically in its own little box or container. Who knows where the food comes from? Who cares?

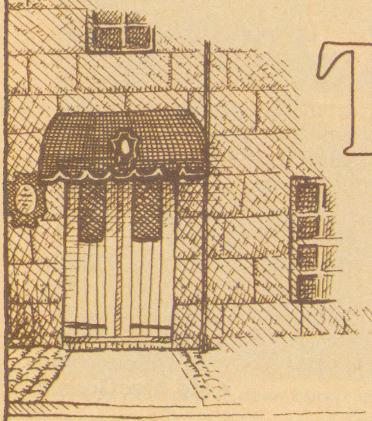
In spite of your resolve, your good intentions, all that worthy information from the nutritionists, you will live to fall again. When your wheedler, in full snack attack, comes sidling up to you. When you deserve a break. Together, McDonalds and you. Aren't you hungry for Burger King now? You'll give in. And that's a McFact.

— Marilyn and Kate MacDonald



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Bards of the rotary

Darrell Lysens and Sandy Bryson are singing the blues all the way to the bank

Darrell Lysens' policeman's badge winks in the lights of passing cars as we drive through Halifax in the jerk-and-roll suppertime traffic along Brunswick Street. As we hit the MacDonald Bridge and press on into Dartmouth, we seem to be making good time. But suddenly, rounding a bend at the Mic Mac Mall, we slow to a crawl. Ahead, where hundreds of headlights twinkle like earth-bound stars, is the place where motorists who live on the far side of Dartmouth converge nightly.

Lysens laughs. This is what we've just been talking about: The Mic Mac Rotary and the hours spent burning gas on it, listening to your stomach growl and depending on luck and the good graces of other drivers to get home in one piece.

The rotary's nearly legend now, the bane of drivers and municipal and provincial politicians. It's the reason Lysens, 35, spends more than two hours every day in his car between home and the Halifax police station. And it's the reason he and his old friend Sandy Bryson wrote what became the most requested song in 10 years on at least one Halifax radio station.

"The Mic Mac Rotary Blues" was a song that, like its authors, had no pretensions to greatness, but it snuggled into a niche of its own about a year ago, as drivers chuckled and everyone hummed along with its homey, blues-rock melody. It was a fluke, but it sold like crazy.

Sandy Bryson is waiting for us at the door of his house in Waverley. His once-red hair is a soft orange, laced with grey; but, at 33, with laugh lines etched into his face, he still manages to look like an overgrown elf.

Bryson, now a school maintenance supervisor, began his association with

Lysens 20 years ago when Bryson, Kevin Macmichael and Al Richards formed a band called the Fourtogo.

For a couple of years, these four, fresh-faced boys, with the Beatles' haircuts and Teddy boys' jackets, entertained fantasies of international stardom from the stage of the Dartmouth High School gym.

They even cut a single called "I Won't Run in Circles" that they played between live sets. But when high school ended, so did the band. Sixteen years later, somebody suggested a reunion for old times sake. One get-together led to another,



Darrell Lysens (R) provides the ideas and Sandy Bryson, the music

and Bryson suggested to Lysens that the two might make something more of this.

He was constantly writing songs he dreamed of recording properly, with the right equipment, the way he heard them in his head. Once Lysens re-entered the picture, Bryson got the push he needed to buy the gear. They weren't just going to tool around; they were going into the business of commercial radio jingles.

They started making money right away — not big bucks, but enough to start a company and keep them busy. "The Mic Mac Rotary Blues" just happened at the end of one of those long

recording sessions. "We were working on a jingle for Dartmouth Fuels all day," Lysens remembers. "We had headaches, we couldn't get it right, and Sandy started singing like Johnny Cash — you know, just being silly. Then he started to fool around with a little thing on the guitar, and I don't know if I mentioned the Mic Mac Rotary or if it was Sandy, but half an hour later, we had the song. It was totally by accident."

Before they could forget the song they recorded it. The following week, Lysens, the legman of the pair, walked the tape around in his spare time to radio announcers all over Metro. "They all loved it and encouraged us," he says, "so we took it to Solar Audio in Dartmouth, and they did the final mix on it, and sent it to World Records [for pressing] and ordered 1,000 copies.

They arrived, and within 48 hours, the 1,000 were gone."



So hot were the singles that when Lysens started his car outside a radio station where he'd just delivered some copies, the song was already on the air. Another 3,000 singles disappeared as quickly as the first batch, and radio stations were playing the song hundreds of times a week. "It's a lot of fun," Lysens says, "to have two old rock and rollers make a record and to have your thing played on radio, and to have reporters coming to you, television people walking into your kitchen wanting to film you, and to think that we'd ever get a royalty cheque — it was like a fantasy."

Since "Blues," the team

has continued to write and record, with Lysens providing the ideas and Bryson the music. That process created "Boo the Banks." Released late last fall, it hasn't done as well as "Blues" did, even though the authors think it's better in every way. Bryson thinks he knows why.

"The reason it's moving slowly is because no one will play it, because they're scared to death of the banks. All the radio stations played it maybe once or twice. I don't think it's because the song stinks . . . The thing is, the old bank manager is one of the staid things in the community, and when he snaps his fingers, the people listen."

They haven't lost hope on "Boo the Banks," though, and they still plan to market it across the country.

For Bryson, at least, the first two experiments were a means to a more serious end. "You've got to start somewhere," he says. "I'm trying to reach enough people with my name, my little round records and over the radio and in the papers that they'll say, 'Geeze, I wonder if this guy can write; maybe I'll write and see if he's got any good music.' I want to make up tapes and send them to people — not so they'll record them, but just to have them say, 'Well, they're good, keep trying,' or 'No, they stink.' This is for my own satisfaction."

Lysens says his satisfaction comes from turning a hobby into a lucrative, entertaining part-time job. His police work and his family come ahead of anything else, but if he has the time, he's happy to provide the inspiration and do the sales work needed to make the team a success. But he and his partner agree that the fun is what keeps them at it.

"It was never a complete money-grabbing thing," Bryson says. "I'm only doing this because it's fun. The money's nice, too, but if it wasn't fun, I wouldn't do it. That's what I told Darrell. I said, 'Look, when this starts to become a job, I'm gone.'"

— Berton Kay

Is the shooter cult here to stay?

It's not a billiard cue, and it's not a gunslinger. A shooter is actually sort of a drink. You toss 'er back, and wait to see what happens

The very nature of the unorthodox cocktail," Rob Abraham explains, "is that you take the whole thing down together." Rob is a young, trim, talkative bartender at Brandy's on Market Street, and the unorthodox cocktail is the "shooter." He is trying to help me understand the shooter phenomenon in Halifax bars, but it is so bizarre (and, to me, disgusting) that even this unusually articulate mixologist finds it hard to explain. "Candy is dandy," Ogden Nash said, "but liquor is quicker." Well, a shooter is a shot of candy and booze at the same time. It is one ounce of assorted liqueurs, or liqueurs and other stuff, and the rules of the shooter cult require the devotee to down the sticky concoction in a single gulp, as though he'd sidled up to a bar in pioneer Dodge City, patted his holster, and demanded something considerably less effeminate than a Jelly Bean. That's a shooter containing black-

berry brandy, anisette and Southern Comfort.

"It's a western thing, the shooter," Rob continues. "It spread here from Edmonton and Calgary. People who come from the west can't understand the excitement in Halifax over shooters. They've had them for so long out there they just see them as a routine, essential service." Melvin Chisholm, an institution at Thackeray's, Spring Garden Road, confirms Rob's theory that the contemporary shooter is an expression of the vibrant, expanding culture of the Far West. "The shooter followed the oil boom from west to east," Mel asserts, "and it happened to reach here precisely when people were looking for imagination from bartenders. For a little novelty. You had your old boilermaker, with a shot of whisky in your beer, yes, but with shooters you had something that looked nice, too."

Ah yes, looks. "Most of the appeal is in the appearance," Mel explains. Shooters are a kind of quick, liquid sculpture. The all-important trick is to create a cylinder of perfectly separated, differently colored layers of sickeningly sweet liqueurs. This challenge demands that the bartender know the physical properties of his ingredients. Some liqueurs are heavier than others. When making a B-52, for

instance, you don't just drop your heavy Kahlua on top of your light Grand Marnier. Your layers would have no integrity whatsoever. No, the heavy stuff goes in first, the light stuff last. Master builders of shooters talk a lot about specific gravity, density and viscosity, as though they had graduate degrees in whatever branch of physics concerns itself with the properties of liquids. Like surgeons, they also need a steady hand and manual precision.

"The novelty of it is the layering," Rob says. "People will credit or discredit you as a bartender according to your ability to layer it." Halifax bartenders tend to be generous toward their fellow mixologists, and Rob concedes that Thackeray's serves "a classic B-52 . . . They really attenuate the detail." They *what*? "We take the time, if you will, to layer it right," Mel says. "With the kind of glass we use, and if you employ the right technique, it'll layer up in a very distinct manner." The shooter container at Thackeray's is like a skinny sherry glass, with a stem, and the right technique involves dribbling your upper layers of liqueur down the shaft of a spoon onto the inside walls of the glass. That way, you release the stuff, ever so gently, *onto* the lower layer rather than *into* it.

Some bartenders use a maraschino



Ron Abraham, bartender at Brandy's, demonstrates his skill at pouring shooters

cherry rather than a spoon but at Brandy's, Rob explains, "we use no tools. I feel you should be able to layer it freehand, as it were." His voice is tinged with a light layer of pride. Your freehand shooter-maker places a thumb or forefinger over most of the air-spout on the bottle and directs what Rob calls "one, mere pin-hole of a stream" against the walls of the glass. "You create a kind of vortex while you're doing it." He demonstrates his craftsmanship by swiftly building a B-52 (Kahlua, Irish Cream, Grand Marnier). It is nicely layered, indeed. It stands there before me on the bar. "Am I supposed to drink that?" I ask. "Sure, go ahead," Rob says. I take it down in one smash, as the rules insist, and it tastes like a liqueur-filled chocolate. "That was my first shooter," I confess.

A waitress of roughly my daughter's age looks at me as though this must also be my first day of freedom after 30 years in the Dorchester Pen. "You mean," she says, her eyes brimming with compassion and amazement, "that that was your first shooter ever."

"That's right. It wasn't as bad as I expected."

"You should try Brandy's Ballet," Rob advises. "That's our house shooter. It's got tequila in it, and peppermint schnapps. You chill it in a shaker, and strain it into a shot glass. It's almost pleasant." Rob, I decide, is a pretty straight shooter himself. He does not recommend Prairie Fire (a shot of tequila, with six dashes of Tabasco) because "it sounds like instant dysentery to me."

The B-52 is Number One on Halifax's Hit Parade of shooters, but the Jelly Bean (see above) is among the Top Five, and so are the Test Tube Baby (see below), the After Eight (Kahlua or Tia Maria, green crème de menthe, Irish Cream), and Ryan's Rush (Kahlua, white rum, cream). Ryan's Rush is a blood brother to a shooter that Jane Lordly, bartender at the Halifax Press Club, calls a Dirty Mother (Tia Maria, dark rum, milk). Jane is as tasteful as she is comely, and you can believe her when she says a Dirty Mother is "actually quite good."

Speaking of taste, I'm reluctant even to describe the Test Tube Baby, much less drink it. "It's really vulgar," Rob confides. Mel agrees. "If someone orders it, and there are a few ladies present," he says, "it's always good to furrow your brow a bit." The Test Tube Baby consists of amaretto, tequila, white crème de cacao, and cream. After properly layering the shooter, the bartender captures some cream in a straw, holds his thumb over one end to keep the cream there, inserts the other end in

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the shooter, and then deftly lifts his thumb just long enough to release a blob. This, Mel says, leaves "a little fetal curl" of cream hanging in the transparent part of the shooter, "with a sort of umbilical trail." Mel, to his credit, feels "apprehensive" when people order Test Tube Babies, but they are moderately popular in Halifax. The people who like them, I suspect, tell the sort of jokes that make you want to leave the room.

Down at Scoundrels, Granville Street, shooters come in real test tubes, inserted in wooden racks. Bar manager Tim MacInnes says a fellow might come in with a friend or two, and just say, "Gimme a rack," which means 10 assorted shooters. Tim's predecessor was Lisa Hernon, and he credits her with having brought to Scoundrels a variety of shooter recipes that she picked up while studying bartending in Toronto. Scoundrels' shooter policies help to attract a college crowd. Students travel a bit. Some come from points west. They know what they're doing when they come in, sit down, and order a Rack of 10. It's pleasant for students to see so basic a tool of the chemistry lab put to such an invigorating use. Besides, the price is right.

While a solitary shooter costs a respectable \$2.60 at Scoundrels, each shooter in a Rack of 10 costs a mere \$1.75. If you adore shooters, that's one of the best deals in town. An ounce of straight liqueur, all by itself, costs more than \$3 in most Halifax bars; and at Brandy's one layered shooter will set you back \$3.85. Brandy's, however, also has a special deal of its own: Eight for \$9.95. Thackeray's charges \$3.80 for its rather elegant shooters, and offers no discounts on quantity.

The Halifax Press Club charges \$3.30 for a B-52, the same as for any shot of liqueur. But if you count in labor cost, Jane argues, the B-52 is the better deal. Anyone can dump an ounce of Drambuie into a glass, but it takes love and skill to layer up a shooter. Thus, the Irish Cream manufacturer who tipped off its sales agents about shooters was wrong. The advice began correctly enough: "In Canada, young consumers are enjoying a wide variety of unorthodox cocktails called 'Shooters.'" But then it added something that would not amuse Mel at Thackeray's: "They are of interest

to the trade because they are profitable and, unlike traditional cocktails, are easy to make."

No, they're not. Thackeray's charges \$3.80 for shooters, Mel says, because they require "a lot of down time from the bartender. If the place is busy, you greet orders for four B-52s with an inward groan." People tend to order shooters in bunches because downing them is often a communal ceremony. "Four people will shoot them all down simultaneously," Rob says. "It's almost like a religious experience." But with nothing left to sip while they talk, what do they do next? They order four more, and let them sit on the table for a while, "sort of like status symbols." Then, at an agreed moment, they repeat the gulping ceremony.



The B-52 tastes like a liqueur-filled chocolate

The religious experience can be dangerous. Not that, in truth, shooters are all that powerful. Liqueur is weaker in alcoholic content than gin, rum or whisky, and two shooters actually pack less wallop than, say, a double rum and water. But the sweetness makes shooters both deceptive and, taken to excess, stomach-turning. They trick inexperienced drinkers, and they're hazardous for those who use them to top off a night in a beerhall. Shooters and draft beer, swishing around in the same belly, do not invariably layer up in a satisfying manner. "Yes," Rob says, "shooters can be absolutely devastating.

I've seen a lot of casualties. People get that alcoholic rush, and sometimes leave very shortly. I've seen shooters cause an awful lot of people to curtail their future activities prematurely." Right.

When it comes to shooters, Halifax is not simply an absorber of a western custom. The city has made its own contribution to shooter lore, a concoction called Creaser's Curse. Invented by a Creaser for use by adults at family celebrations, Creaser's Curse is now in the repertoire at Thackeray's and other shooter-proud watering holes. It's essentially a B-52, plus peppermint schnapps. It is therefore a four-ingredient supershooter, and in theory you can down all you want, and still wake up the next day with a fresh, minty flavor in your mouth. I don't believe the theory, and refuse to test it.

— The Guzzler

The man in the Superwacky suit

Don't laugh. He's one of the most successful businessmen in metro

By Rachelle Henderson

The attic office in the dumpy-looking building off Main Street in Dartmouth is no bigger than the average bathroom. There's one small window near the floor, a shallow closet, a desk and three chairs. A poster of a leggy, blonde tennis player, skirt hitched up, her hand cupping one cheek of her naked butt, is tacked to a wall below the sharply slanted ceiling. Seated across from it behind the plain, pine desk, one of metro's most prosperous entrepreneurs runs his end of a \$25-million-a-year business. "We're very unpretentious people," Michael Wheatley, a.k.a. Wacky, a.k.a. Superwacky, says. "We're people people. I guess you could call my office modest."

In fact, you could call the whole place modest. As he conducts a brief tour of the Wacky Wheatley group of companies' headquarters, this slim, mustachioed corporate president, who's got his fingers in everything from stereos to real estate, teases his staff about hangovers from a Christmas party held two nights earlier. "They all call me Mike," he says proudly through a cloud of Du Maurier Extra Light smoke. "If there was a truckload of televisions, I'd help unload it, or if it was busy in the store, I'd take a customer. I'm just another worker around here. There's no great chain of command to get to talk to me. I can go out and drink with everybody after work."

The rest of the stuffy, cramped upstairs holds the offices of his accountant, and of his lawyer brother, Robert, who is vice-president in charge of operations. Secretaries' desks are crammed everywhere. Downstairs, the three main rooms (one was once a pizza parlor) are packed to the ceiling with boxes of stereos, televisions and microwave ovens, some of them out and on display. These are not just storerooms; this is the store, and salesmen patrol, ready to pounce. The parking lot isn't even paved, but that's all part of the strategy. This hyperactive, 37-year-old salesman is willing to go on television wearing a



Michael (Wacky) Wheatley: "I'm just another worker around here"

red-and-blue cape and Adidas shorts, jump out of a phone booth and call himself Superwacky to sell stereos, or ride a flying carpet to plug rugs. But the show biz doesn't extend to fancy interior decorating. "People want a bargain. If they go into a place and it looks like the Taj Mahal, they might be a little reluctant to buy. But if it's all piled up with boxes..."

If it's all piled up with boxes, and the merchandise prices are negotiable, people will buy. Every year, Wheatley sells 10,000 televisions from his seven stereo and TV outlets in the Atlantic region. His trick is to buy big and sell cheap. Wheatley is the largest independent Hitachi dealer in Canada, and the largest RCA dealer east of Montreal. By buying in huge volumes, he can sell a typical television converter, for instance, at

\$99, while other retailers might have bought it wholesale for \$102. And customers can haggle over prices on top of that. "We generally have the best prices," says Wheatley, launching into a regular sales pitch. "We have good back-up service, delivery, terms, and we make it exciting to buy at Wacky Wheatley's. We do that by having well-trained staff who are excited — our whole theory of business is excitement — and who are excited about what they're doing, about the job, and about themselves. People want to be sold, and they want to be sold with a little bit of flair. They want a little razzmatazz, to laugh, to be entertained a bit. We're in show business and the people business, and in between that we sell products."

One local investment dealer says he suspects Wheatley earns \$500,000 to

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\$750,000 a year, and that he's the most successful businessman in the area. Besides the television and stereo business, Wheatley, who lives in Waverley, owns two carpet warehouses, and is a partner in a Viceroy cedar homes franchise, and in Haliburton Hills, an 80-home subdivision at the end of Hammonds Plains Road in Dartmouth. "Michael probably built his business the quickest," says Brian McKenzie, a fellow old-timer hockey player, close friend, and rival in the car stereo business. "If he isn't the most successful, he's definitely in the top three."

Just eight years ago, when Wheatley arrived in the Maritimes from Windsor, Ont., with his wife, Orleen, and three children, he and another brother, Doug, worked 15 to 18 hours a day at the Main Street store he'd opened for \$10,000 selling televisions during the day and delivering them at night. No dealer would give him credit, so Wheatley paid \$7,200 cash for his first stock of 14 televisions. He and Doug would save the empty boxes from the sets they sold and pile them up around the one-room store to make it look filled with inventory. "Every day or so I'd go and buy a few more televisions," he recalls, laughing, "until we had the first part of the store filled with boxes. Then we took a saw and cut through the wall into the second section we were leasing." The two scraped by for four or five months, and then started hiring help. Wheatley's

goal then was to have one store doing \$1-million business a year. Today, he has more than 100 employees, and his payroll alone is more than \$1 million.

"Work is fun, generally," he says. "I enjoy going to the stores, having a laugh, telling a few stories. And this business — TV games, computers, video games — is so exciting. They're developing something new every day."

Friends say the humble image is not just another sales gimmick. "He's not a shirt-and-tie person," says golf partner Bill Richardson, president of Lawton's Drugs. "You won't find him at the Halifax Club, but you will find him in the trenches. He's hard-working and he does his own thing." Wheatley is self-made, having quit school after floundering for two years in both grades nine and 10 ("I tell my children I have four years of high school"), and then working three years for his father's die set company. "Sure I went to school; I went to practical school. I was like a sponge; I asked questions and soaked it all up." He and another brother tried running a dragway, and when that failed, he became a salesman for other people's televisions and stereos before heading east. "I decided I wanted to do something on my own," Wheatley says, "to have control over my own destiny. At that time, everyone was heading west, but I came down here and looked around and felt there was just as much or more opportunity here."

He was right. And, to prove it, he now owns a 42-foot cruiser on Lake Huron and can afford to take 10 weeks off in the summer to sail it with his family. Dealers' incentive trips he's won for outstanding sales have taken him to Tokyo, Rio de Janeiro, Yugoslavia, Hawaii and Monte Carlo. (He has 14 trips to Paris in April and three to Hong Kong in February, most of which he'll give to employees.) He's also acquired five cars, including a stainless steel DeLorean, a 1963 Corvette convertible, and a 1983 Firebird supplied as a demo by a dealer to promote a line of car stereos. But Wheatley, whose father's die set business made his own family wealthy, insists he's never found it "important to flaunt it." In fact, the car he really drives, McKenzie says, is an overhauled 1980 Toronado. "He's very unpretentious. Even if he is sitting on a 42-foot boat, that's just a glorified form of camping. But that's the way he likes to spend his summers. He just loves to meet tons and tons of people. He's no phony. I don't think he would be as successful as he is if he had been like that."

Friends also say the wacky image is no lie. Richardson remembers taking off on a gambling trip with Wheatley and two others to Antigua island in the Caribbean two years ago. Wheatley decided it would turn out to be a "big rip off" so the four of them hopped on the ship *Veracruz*. On board, they

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ordered champagne, and went through 16 bottles of it in two hours — most of it shot at one another. Another time, Richardson recalls, Wheatley showed up at his home for an annual New Year's brunch, wearing his Superwacky costume. Dress was formal for the affair, Richardson says, and Wheatley was "totally embarrassed."

But he was probably able to talk himself out of that uncomfortable position. Wheatley can spin a tale on the spot, McKenzie says. He particularly enjoys recounting to wide-eyed tourists in Georgian Bay his adventure sailing his cruiser from Nova Scotia, up around the Gaspé Peninsula, and down the St. Lawrence River to Lake Huron. In fact, the boat has never tasted salt water. "Mike can tell the whole trip he's never taken and keep a straight face the entire time," a somewhat awed McKenzie says.

Wheatley also has a charitable streak in him, though it's not particularly pronounced where his competitors are concerned. He once paid \$1,000 for an Edmonton Eskimos-signed football that was being auctioned for Bonny Lea Farms, a workshop for the mentally retarded on the South Shore. "He'll always help out a friend," says McKenzie, who credits Wheatley with steering him into the car stereo business. "He's that kind of guy."

Even his major competitors won't say anything nasty about Wacky Wheatley. "There's no hard feelings," says one, who wouldn't be named. "I respect him; he's a very bright businessman."

But Wheatley won't go drinking after work with them. "We can't fight them tooth and nail during the day and booze with them at night. You just can't do that. I respect many of them, but we can't be friends." He will make an exception for those in the same business who are safely located thousands of miles away. Wheatley has a "great relationship" with the Edmonton-based Brick Warehouse chain, which enlisted his help when it decided to branch into the carpet business. Because of that, Wheatley now buys his carpet wholesale with the Brick, and the added volume means both companies get cheaper deals.

Wheatley plans to break into the New England market with his carpets because "there's really no place left for me to go with TVs; everybody's selling TVs," and because further expansion in Canada is logistically impossible. "My wife wishes I'd be satisfied today. But it's not always just the money that motivates you. It's success itself and the desire to keep the snowball rolling. Some day I'm going to roll it all over to someone, but for now, nothing else interests me."

C

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GADABOUT

424-7542. Hours: Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m.; Thurs., 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sun. 12-5:30 p.m.

Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery.

Feb. 3-13, Downstairs and Upstairs galleries: 10th Annual University Community Show. Students, faculty and alumni will exhibit their hobbies. Skits and songs will also be presented. Feb. 17-March 8,

Downstairs: *Shipibo* — *Central American*. This is an exhibition of works by the Upper Amazon tribe, the Shipibo, put together by James Felter, director of the Simon Fraser University Art Gallery in British Columbia. Upstairs: *James Felter*. This show features works by Felter, who uses the geometry and design of the Shipibo. Bedford Highway, 443-4450. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tues. till 9 p.m.; Sat. & Sun. 12-5 p.m.

Dalhousie Art Gallery. Feb. 2-26: The 30th Annual Dalhousie Student, Staff, Faculty and Alumni Exhibition. Also, from the Sobey Collections: Part IV, Arthur Lismer. A small exhibition of paintings by the Group of Seven painter, featuring several of the artist's Nova Scotia works. Dalhousie Campus, 424-2403. Hours: Tues., 11

a.m.-5 p.m.; 7-10 p.m.; Wed.-Fri., 1-5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 2-4 p.m.
Saint Mary's University Art Gallery. Feb. 9: An exhibition of paintings by Austrian artist Edgar Neogy-Tezak. SMU campus, 429-9780. Hours: Tues., Wed., Thurs., 1-7 p.m.; Fri., 1-5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 2-4 p.m.
Anna Leonowens Gallery (N.S. College of Art and Design). To Feb. 4, Galleries Two and Three: Students' exhibition. To Feb. 10, Gallery One: Gerald Ferguson, Suzanne Funnell, Riduan Tomkins, and Ron Shuebrook, paintings by faculty of NSCAD. Feb. 6-11, Gallery Two: Marjorie Cluet, paintings; Gallery Three: Ruth Scheuing, textiles. Feb. 13-24, Galleries One and Two: Staff of NSCAD. Feb. 13-18, Gallery Three: Exhibit of works by British intermedia artist Ray Barrie. Feb. 27-March 16, Gallery One: Exhibition of paintings by British feminist artist Margaret Harrison. Feb. 27-March 3, Galleries Two and Three: Art Education Exhibition. 1889 Granville Street, 422-7381. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Thurs., 5-9 p.m.

ART GALLERIES

Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. To Feb 6, in the Main, Second Floor and Mezzanine galleries: *American Accents*, courtesy of Rothmans of Pall Mall, Canada. A major exhibition of works by such well-known artists as Andy Warhol, Jasper Johns, Susan Rothenberg, Nancy Graves and Roy Lichtenstein. Feb. 9-13, all three galleries: An exhibit of prints from the Gallery's permanent collection. Feb. 16-March 19, all three galleries: *Quebec Art Now*, profiles 10 Quebec artists who appear the most significant in the current Quebec and international art world. 6152 Coburg Road,

MUSEUMS

Dartmouth Heritage Museum. In the Gallery, to Feb. 19: *A Winter Carnival of Dartmouth Artists*. Between 30 and 50 participants expected for this mixed media exhibition. Feb. 20-March: An exhibit of works by Bernadette



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Vincent, Dartmouth. 100 Wyse Road. Hours: Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri., Sat., 1-5 p.m.; Wed., 1-5 p.m. & 6-9 p.m.; Sun., 2-5 p.m.

Nova Scotia Museum. Feb.: *The Creative Tradition: Indian Handicrafts and the Tourist Arts*. This travelling exhibit from the Provincial Museum of Alberta shows how the art and tools of the Indians of the subarctic and northern plains changed when they came in contact with European materials and culture. Feb. 5: *Museum Model Making*. Modeller David Colewell will talk about his work making birds, flowers, trees, ships and landscapes, which will be on display.

CLUB DATES

Teddy's, piano bar at Delta Barrington Hotel. To Feb. 25: Allan Fawcett. Feb. 27-March 31: George Johnston. Hours: Mon.-Sat., 9-1 a.m. Happy hour, 5-7 p.m.

Little Nashville, 44 Alderney Drive, Dartmouth. All country. Feb. 6-12: *Joe Vautour and the Cougars*. Feb. 13-19: *Morn'n Sun*. Feb. 20-26: *Gold Strikers*. Feb. 27-March 4: *Whiskey Fever*. Hours: Every night, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.

Peddler's Pub, Lower level of Delta Barrington Hotel. To Feb. 4: *Intro*; Feb. 6-11: *Vendetta*; Feb. 13-19: *Future Shock*. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat. 11 a.m.-12 p.m.

The Network Lounge, 1546 Dresden Row. To Feb. 1: *See Spot Run*; Feb. 2-4: *Raw Honey*, all-female band from New York; Feb. 6-8: *Gilt*; Feb. 9-10: *York Road*; Feb. 13-18: *The Times*; Feb. 20, 21: *Coney Hatch*; Feb. 22-25: *Clear Light*; Feb. 27-March 3: *Fat Shadow*. Hours: Mon.-Sat., 12 p.m.-2 a.m.

The Village Gate, 534 Windmill Road, Dartmouth. Feb. 9-12: *Songsmith*; Feb. 16-18: *Rox*; Feb. 23-25: *Tense*; Hours: Bands play from 9 p.m.-12:30 a.m., Mon.-Wed., 10 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 10 a.m.-12:30 p.m.

Privateers' Warehouse, Historic Properties. Middle Deck, Feb. 6-11: *The Paladins*; Feb. 13-18: Cheryl Lescom; Feb. 20-25, 27-March 3: *Professor Piano*. Lower Deck, Feb. 7-11: *Nightflight*. Hours: Lower Deck, Mon.-Wed., 11:30 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 11:30-12 a.m. Middle Deck, 11:30-2:30 a.m.

Lord Nelson Beverage Room, 5675 Spring Garden Road. To Feb. 4: *Garrison Brothers*; Feb. 6-11: *McGinty*; Feb. 13-18: *Miller's Jug*. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 11 a.m.-12 p.m.

MOVIES

Wormwood's Dog and Monkey Cinema. 1588 Barrington St. Feb. 1-5: *The Return*

of *Martin Guerre*. This winner of three French Academy Awards is the true story of a 16th century boy who disappears shortly after his marriage to the daughter of a prominent villager and the birth of their son, and then returns a changed man. The question of his identity ended in a court case that scandalized France. Directed by Daniel Vigne. France, 1983, subtitles. Feb. 17-23: *Boat People*. This controversial film by Chinese director Ann Hui examines communist Vietnam. A powerful and often brutal presentation. 1982, Cantonese with English subtitles. Feb. 24-29: *Napoleon*. This "forgotten masterpiece," whose form was as revolutionary as its subject, took director Abel Gance four years to make. With a cast of 40 and 6,000 extras, Gance intended the film to be the first of six parts, but he only completed one. The film confines itself to Napoleon's schooldays, a glimpse of the Revolution, and the crossing of the Alps for the first Italian campaign. France, 1927/80, B&W 7 and 9 most evenings. Call 422-3700.

Rebecca Cohn Auditorium. Dalhousie Arts Centre. Feb. 5: *Storm Boy*. A small boy, an aborigine and a pelican form a strange alliance to protect their environment on a wild stretch of the Australian coast known as Coorong. Directed by Henri Safran with Greg Rowe, Peter Cummins and David Gulpilil. Australia/England, 1976. Feb. 12: *Montenegro*. A delightful film, in which a bored housewife becomes involved with a Yugoslavian animal trainer in the Club Zanzi-Bar and finds fulfilment, murder, madness and happiness. Directed by Dusan Makavejev with Susan Anspach, Erland Josephson and John Zacharias. Sweden, 1981. Feb. 26: *Videodrome*. Director David Cronenberg's story plumbs the dream-realities of a cable-TV operator obsessed with the fusing of sex and violence. Starring James Woods and Deborah Harry. Travelogue film. Feb. 13: *Around the World*. Producer-narrator William Stockdale follows the footsteps of the most dauntless traveller of this century — Richard Halliburton.

IN CONCERT

Symphony Nova Scotia. Main Series, Rebecca Cohn Auditorium — Feb. 17: Program includes Glick's Sonata for Orchestra; Mahler's "Lieder eines Fahrenen Gesellen"; and arias by Verdi, Bizet and Giordano. Boris Brott, conductor; Louis Quilico, baritone. Chamber Series, Sir James Dunn Theatre — Feb. 23: The symphony presents Schubert's Trout Quintet; Beethoven's Septet; and a Canadian work to be announced. Boris Brott, artistic adviser. Pops Series, Rebecca

Cohn Auditorium — Feb. 11: Boris Brott, conductor. For tickets and times call 421-7311.

Saint Mary's University Art Gallery. Lunch With Art series — Feb. 3: Mary Innes and John Galloway perform traditional African and Scottish music. Feb. 10: The a cappella female singing group Four the Moment. Feb. 17: Sheilagh Hunt dances. Performances at 12:30 p.m. For information call, 429-9780.

Dalhousie Arts Centre. Appearing in the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, Feb. 4: Toronto Dance Theatre. Performance at 8 p.m. In the Sir James Dunn Theatre, Feb. 26: *New Music in Patterns*. Local musicians present music by Steve Reich and Tim Sullivan. Performance at 3 p.m. For information, call 424-2298.

THEATRE

Neptune Theatre. Feb. 1-5, 7-12: *The Sea Horse*, by Edward J. Moore, is set in a coastal waterfront bar where rough, tough Gertie Blum holds off the advances of Harry Bales, a sailor whose love for her won't take no for an answer. Feb. 24-26, 28, 29: *Mass Appeal*. The head to heart combat between Father Tim, a traditional parish priest, and Mark Dolson, a young seminarian burning with idealism, makes this a hilarious and passionate play. 1593 Argyle Street. For tickets and times, call 429-7300.

Dalhousie Arts Centre, Studio One. Feb. 8-12: *Split (At Home and Abroad)*. Michael Weller's moving and hilarious comedy about the "perfect" American couple breaking up. Presented by Dalhousie Theatre productions; Patrick Young, director. For tickets and times, call 424-2233.

SPORTS

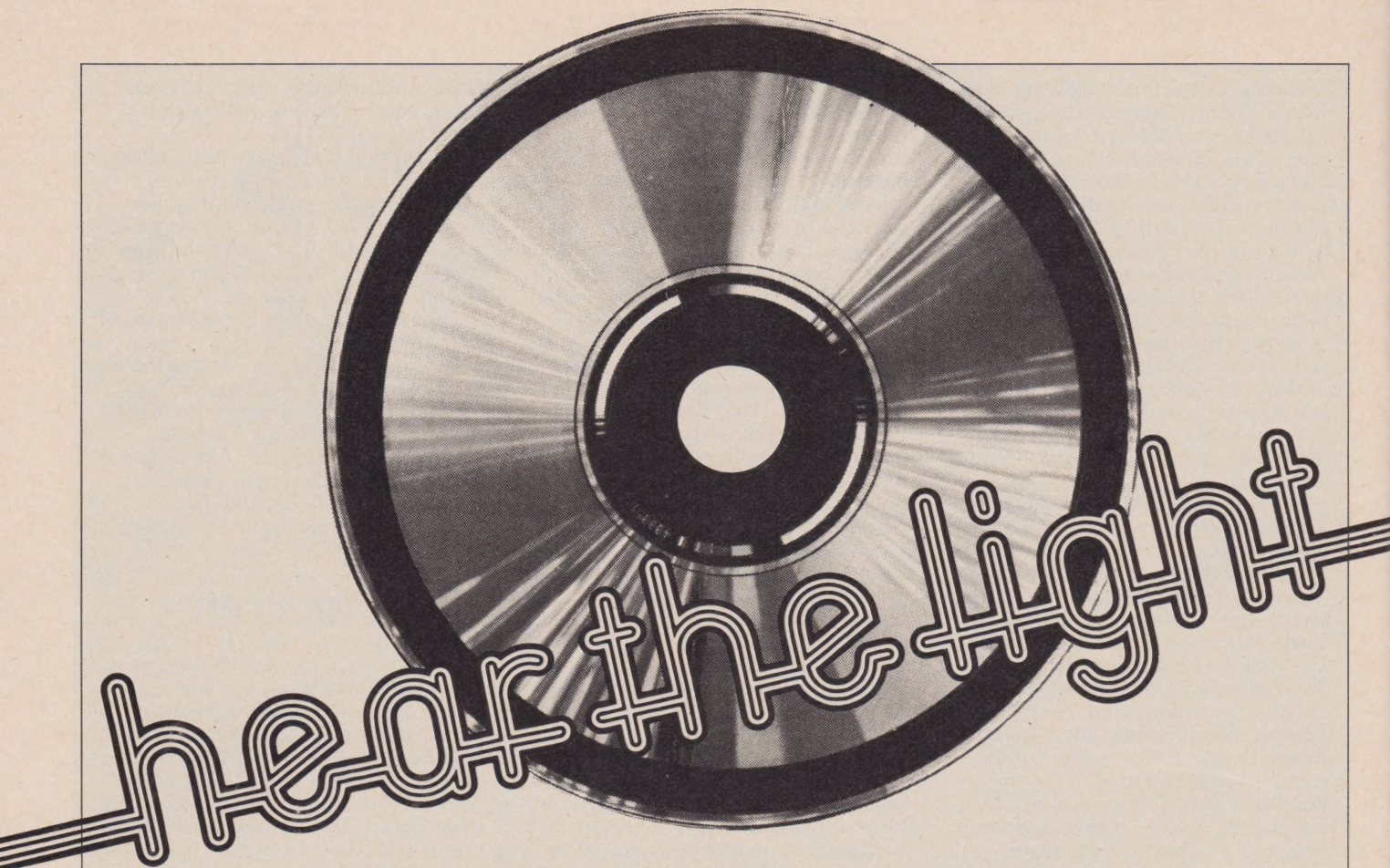
Hockey. *Midget League*, Forbes Chevys play: Halifax, Feb. 4, 5; Valley, Feb. 18, 19. Sportsplex, 110 Wyse Road. For information, call 421-2600. *Dalhousie Tigers* play: Moncton, Feb. 4; St. FX, Feb. 5: UNB, Feb. 10; Mount A, Feb. 11.

Dalhousie Arena, game times vary.

Basketball. (Men's) Dalhousie Tigers play: Acadia, Feb. 4 (at Metro Centre); St. FX, Feb. 18 (at Metro Centre); St. FX, Feb. 23; Saint Mary's, Feb. 25. (Women's) Dalhousie Tigers play: Mount A, Feb. 18. Dalplex, Dal campus.

Volleyball. (Men's) Dalhousie Tigers play: Memorial, Feb. 3, 4; Moncton, Feb. 17, 18. Exhibition games; Feb. 18, 19. (Women's) Dalhousie Tigers play: UPEI, Feb. 17, 18; Mount A., Feb. 18, 19. Dalplex, Dal campus.

Swimming. Dalhousie Tigers meet: Mount A and Memorial, Feb. 4. Dalplex, Dal campus.



The recording industry talks about the new compact disc as "the most exciting event in the last three decades." Before trying to determine if that's just hype or an honest assessment, it's probably a good idea to try and explain just exactly what all the fuss is about.

The disc itself bears little resemblance to the long-play records with which you are most familiar. In fact, about all the CD and the LP have in common is that they are both round, flat, and played on a turntable.

With a name like compact, you would expect the biggest discernible difference to be in the size. And you'd be right. Whereas your LPs are 12" in diameter, the compact disc is only 4-3/4" (12cm).

Compact discs are single-sided, but that one side is good for a solid 60 minutes of playing time.

While you can't play CDs on your regular turntable, your compact disc player does hook up with your existing amplifier and speaker system.

Without question, the most startling difference between LPs and CDs is the way in which the sound is picked up from the disc. With the CD player, there's no pick-up arm as we know it. You "hear the light" with the pick-up arm replaced by a pre-focused laser "stylus."

Right there you have a major advantage for the compacts. The laser makes no physical contact with the disc surface, and so there is no wear

Compact discs. Sounds big.

and no degeneration of quality with repeated playings. With reasonable care, you can expect your compact discs to play as well in 10 years' time as the day you bought them.

While compact discs do go around and around, they do it counter-clockwise, and play from the inside to the outside. When the laser is at the centre the discs rotate at 500 rpm, reducing to 200 rpm at it reaches the outer edge. This variation in speed is what makes it possible to record more material in a given area.

Compact discs deliver their message from a series of pits and flats, with the laser moving in and out of focus depending on whether it is passing over a pit or flat. The reflected laser light over varying intensity is "bounced" back through the stylus. At this stage, you should realize that those "pits" are of minuscule dimensions to say the least: About 1/250,000 of an inch deep, 1/50,000 of an inch wide, and from 1 - 3/25,000 of an inch long.

The pattern of pits and flats is impressed on one side of a transparent acrylic disc, which is then coated with a layer of aluminum one molecule thick, and finally coated once more with a protective layer of transparent plastic. This last coat not only protects

the impressions on the disc, but also prevents the aluminum from oxidizing, as is ultimately responsible for the characteristic "mirror" finish of compact discs. The discs are sealed from dust and finger prints can't mar the playing surface.

In this space, there is no intention of getting any more technical than that. However, if you crave all the technical nitty-gritty, you'll find CDs are still a high interest feature in most audio magazines. Naturally, you'll find people who share your interest at your local stereo store.

The initial development of the compact disc and player is credited to the Polygram group of companies in association with Philips and Sony. But now, just about every equipment and record manufacturer in the world has joined the revolution. And it looks as though, this time anyway, the industry has learned its lesson and adopted a universal standard. Which means that all compact discs can be played on all compact disc players. It appears that the video tape vs video disc is an expensive exercise that no one wishes to see repeated.

Is the compact disc the wave of the future? Probably. But don't throw your LP turntable into the basement just yet. For one thing, you have a fine collection of records you will still want to hear, and it will take some time for the availability of CD titles to approach the LP list. The *Schwann Catalogue*, standard of the record

industry, lists about 45,000 titles of records and tapes generally available in (U.S.) record stores. Compared to what for CDs? As the editor of a leading home entertainment magazine pointed out, "The total production in the entire world of all CD titles through 1983 will not equal one half of one hot-selling Rolling Stones album."

So how about it. Is there a CD system in your future? Of course, the price could have some bearing on your decision.

The players themselves are said to be retailing at below manufacturers' costs (what they lose on the roundabouts they make up for on the, etc). In Halifax, you can probably pick up a player for around \$900, which is a sizeable investment for most of us. The prices will come down, but when and by how much is anyone's guess. While the makers may be selling below cost they still need to recoup all or part of their investment, so you are probably smart not to expect anything like a 50% cut for some years. A couple of hundred down could be expected, especially if the momentum continues and heavy competition starts to make price the only variable to play with.

As for the discs, their local price is around \$25.00 and you can't expect much of a drop until production increases. Barry Horne (Program Director, C-100), can see a price around \$10.00 once North American production gets into full swing.

Before you make up your mind about this CD revolution, go and listen to the systems in action. And if you have the money, why not go for it? You could be first on the block.

COMPACT disc DIGITAL AUDIO

"Everybody's talking about this new way of listening"

Should you go for CD now? Here's a selection of viewpoints from a variety of people in the record/entertainment business in Metro.

You might expect stereo store owners to be all in favor of an immediate switch. But you should remember, while they do like to sell you equipment and records, your continuing business and all-round satisfaction is more important to them than a one-shot equipment sale. In addition, they do have the regular LP turntables and records that will probably be the mainstay of their business for some years to come. In any event, your local stereo store is a good place to listen to the

new systems and talk with people who are experts in the audio business.

Ed Simmons of Musicstop Stereo in Dartmouth sees the arrival of CD recordings and systems as a very timely development. People who originally bought HiFi and stereo systems back in the late 60s and 70s should be thinking of upgrading or replacing their old equipment. As CD will become increasingly important as more recordings are made on this format, purchaser of equipment today should be sure their systems can handle the dynamics of these new compact discs.

That warning is echoed by **Carl Thomas at Sleepy's**. No matter what the manufacturers say, playing the new CDs at the level you will want to play them can put too much strain on an old or low-end system.

John Arnold, president of Kelly's stores in Atlantic Canada believes that we will need a dual system (regular LP and CD) for some year, but he for one will be choosing the CD format for his own use anytime there is a choice.

For ordinary record collectors, audiophiles, and the industry, the development of CD is one of the great audio advances. That's the totally enthusiastic endorsement of **Steve McLean at AV Sound Solutions**, who also expects to see prices "plummet" over the next few years.

Steve Sniderman who operates 5 **New Sound** stores in the region, agrees with McLean that CD is the best thing in home entertainment in years. And Sniderman speaks from over 20 years experience in the business. But as he points out, the demise of the LP record has been forecast so many times over the past 10 years, and it's still here and selling well.

What can we gather from that small sampling of some of Metro's stereo dealers? For one thing, they are unanimous in their appreciation of the sound quality of the new CDs. They all expect prices of both players and CDs to drop over the next few years. Generally speaking, they do see CDs as the wave of the future.

So much for the people who sell the equipment and discs. How about the radio stations who compete for an audience with recorded music as their stock in trade?

At **C-100**, where album radio is the name of the game, program director **Barry Horne** has been using CDs on-air since they became available. "The quality is superior to anything on vinyl" is his crisp assessment. He lauds the separation and the clarity, total lack of surface noise. The fact that these new discs won't wear out is also a factor to be considered.

Meanwhile, along the hallway at **CJCH**, program director **Dave Wolfe** up to his ears in the station's move into AM Stereo, regards the CD quality as "fabulous" and sees CDs getting their share of air-time in the near future. "CJCH," says Wolfe, "is a station that doesn't play second fiddle. If there's an advance, or an improvement, we'll have it."

That's exactly the same story you get from **Mike Cranston at CHNS**. His station is in tune with the latest developments in recording and playback techniques, and as equipment is replaced or added the capability for CD is being built in. At the present time though, 99.9% of CHNS music is not available on the new discs. When they get it, you'll hear it on CHNS.

On January 16 (after his was prepared), Metro's newest station **Q-104** was going to do a number on the CD system and invite listeners to try and see if they could detect the difference. Program director **Jake Edwards** is enthusiastic about CDs and has no doubts about their future.

Competition among the metro radio stations is always sharp, and we all enjoy the benefits. And no matter whether their stations are presently using CDs there is no question that the claims for quality made for CDs are fully endorsed by Metro's radio men. So where does all this leave the man-in-the-street? While players and the CDs themselves are moving steadily, there has been no wild surge. It could be that most people share the view of local sales executive and amateur audiophile **Eldon Mckeigan**, "I want it. I'm going to have it. But I'm going to wait until the prices drop."

Hang in there, Eldon. You probably won't have long to wait. **C**

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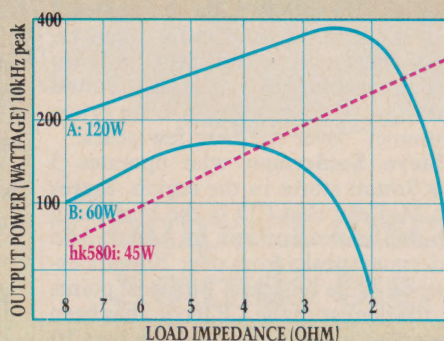


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How much power they'll deliver depends on which receiver you choose. The unit shown above is



When you need power most—at low speaker impedances—conventional receivers simply can't deliver. But Harman Kardon receivers with HCC will deliver instantaneous power on demand until the receiver shuts down to protect your speakers.

rated at 45 watts per channel. But it will deliver a full 200 watts or more of instantaneous power on demand, with absolutely no threat of clipping.

Of course power alone doesn't make a receiver great. There's distortion to conquer.

In most receivers, THD is reduced with a heavy application of negative feedback. But negative feedback causes a far more serious distortion called TIM or Transient Intermodulation Distortion. So we use less than 25 dB (compared to a more typical figure of 60-80 dB) to keep TIM inaudible to even the most critical ear.

But even a receiver that sounds great isn't perfect until it's got just the features you want. So we build six receivers to let you pick and choose. From our modest hk330i, with analog tuner and 20 watts per channel, to our top of the line hk690i with digital tuner, 60 watts per channel and every convenience feature an audiophile might want. Accommodations for two sets of speakers and two tape decks. Tape monitor and two-way dubbing. High and subsonic filters. Tone defeat and loudness contour. And more.

So now that you know how committed we are to sonic accuracy, perhaps you should audition one of our High Current Receivers.

But only compare us to receivers with at least twice the power. After all, you do want to make it a fair comparison.



159 Wyse Road, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia (902) 463-8850

harman/kardon
ASK ANY AUDIOPHILE.